

A Friends advice,
In an excellent Ditty, Concerning the variable Changes in this life.
To pleasant new Tune,



What if a day, or a moneth, or a
crown thy delights, (year
With a thousand wish contentings?
Cannot the chance of a night, or an
cross thy delights (hour
with as many sad tormentings?
Fortune in her fairest birth
are but blossoms dying,
Wanton pleasures dotting mirth,
are but shadows flying;
All our joys are but toys,
idle thoughts deceiving,
None hath power of an hour,
in our lives bereaving.
What if a smile, or a beck, or a look,
feed thy fond thoughts
with many a sweet conceiving?
Pay not that smile, or that beck, or that
tell thee as well (look
they are but vain deceiving?
Why should Beauty be so proud,
in things of no surmounting?
All her wealth is but a shroud
of a rich accounting;
Then in this, repose no bliss,
which is so vain and idle,
Beauties Flowers, have their hours;
Time doth hold

What if the World with allures of her
raise thy degree, (wealth
to a place of high advancing?
Pay not the World by a check of that
put thee again (wealth
to a low despised changing?
Whilst the Sun of wealth doth shine,
thou shalt have friends plenty,
But come want then they repine,
not one abides of twenty;
Wealth and Friends, holds and ends,
all your fortunes rise and fall,
Up and down, rise and frown,
certain is no state at all.
What if a grief, or a strain, or a fit,
pinch thee with pain,
or the feeling pangs of sickness?
Doth not that gripe, or that strain, or
show thee the form (that fit
of thy own true perfect likeness?
Health is but a glimpse of joy,
subject to all changes.
Mirth is but a silly toy
with mishap estranges,
Tell me then silly Man,
why art thou so weak of wit,
As to be in jeopardy
when thou mayest in quiet

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The second part

to the same Tune

Then if all this, have declar'd thine
 take it from me (amiss
 as a gentle friendly warning;
 If thou refuse, and god counsel abuse
 thou mayst hereafter,
 dearly buy thy learning;
 All is hazard that we have,
 there is nothing biding,
 Days of pleasure are like streams,
 though fair Peddows gliding,
 Wealth or wo, Time doth go,
 there is no returning,
 Secret Fates, guides our States,
 both in mirth and mourning,

Pan's but a blast, or a smock, or a cloud
 that in a thought
 or a moment he is dispersed:
 Life's but a span, or a tale, or a word,
 that in a trice,
 on suddain is rehearsed,
 Hopes are changed, & thy thoughts are
 Will nor skill prevaileth (cross
 Though we laugh and live at ease,
 change of thoughts assaileth,
 Though a while, Fortune smile,
 and her comforts frowneth,
 Yet at length, fails her strength
 and in fine she frowneth.

Thus are the joys of a year in an hour,
 and of a moneth,
 in a moment quite expired;
 But in the night, with the word of a
 cross in the day (noyle,
 of an ease our hearts desired;
 Fairest Blossoms soonest fade,
 withered, foul and rotten,
 And through greatest joyes,
 quickly are forgotten:
 Seek not then (mortal men)
 earthly fleeting pleasure,
 But with pain, strive to gain
 Heavenly lasting Treasure.

Earth to the World, as Pan to the
 hath but a point, (Earth,
 and a point is soon defaced,
 flesh to the Soul, as flower to the
 that in a storm (Pan,
 or a Tempest is disgraced;
 Fortune may the body please
 which is only carnal,
 But it will the Soul disease,
 that is still immortal,
 Earthly joys, are but toys,
 to the Soules election,
 Worldly grace, doth deface,
 Mans Divine perfection.

Fleshy delight to the Earth that is
 may be the cause (fleshy
 of a thousand sweet contentings;
 But the defaults of a fleshy desire
 brings to the Soul
 many thousand sad tormentings;
 Be not proud, presumptuous man,
 sith thou art a point so base,
 Of the least and lowest Element,
 which hath least and lowest place,
 Mark thy Fate, and thy State,
 which is only Earth and Dust,
 And as Grass, which alas
 shortly surely perish must.

Let not the hopes of an Earthly desire
 barr thee the joys,
 of an earnest contentation,
 Nor let not thy eye on the world be so
 to hinder thy heart (Art
 from unfeigned recantation;
 Be not backward in that course
 that may bring thy Soul delight,
 Although another war may seem
 farre more pleasant to thy sight;
 Do not go, if he says do,
 that knows the secrets of thy mind,
 Follow this, thou shalt not miss,
 an endless happiness to find.